

6/14/07

Dear John -

I am on the bum to-day. It is soon noon and I just got out of bed, and have just at present nothing to do, <sup>so</sup> I am taking the privilege of writing. I suppose you don't care whether you receive a letter or not, but I am going to write to you just the same.

That old cold the weather man is imposing ~~me~~ upon me, seemed to be getting worse, and it happened that mamma went over to my Aunt's

Uncle being very sick  
in Typhoid and Typhoid  
fever and not expecting to live,  
the doctors having no more  
hope for his recovery, my aunt  
told mamma to rub me  
with Camphor oil and  
Turpentine and in the  
morning bath me with alcohol  
which she did, and to-day  
I am feeling a great deal  
better, although I can't go  
out; I have a splitting head-  
ache, which I think came  
from sleeping too long.

Mamma had to go over and  
help my aunt to-day. Papa and  
mamma were over there last  
night. I wonder how many  
more are going to sick over there  
and die from pneumonia  
but I do hope he will recover,  
although he is almost near  
the end now.

I hope this letter will meet  
you in your best of health.

I suppose you looked for  
me last night, but I had  
to work until 5:30, and I  
can't meet my dear boy to-night  
either, but will see ~~to~~ to-morrow,  
if my cold don't get a strong hold  
of me.

Almida and Frida were going

you know where they were, over  
- to Walla and then <sup>next</sup> strolling down  
59th St. Really what <sup>do</sup> you  
think of such girls.

I had better close, in fact  
I have not much to write about,  
but just to show that any boy  
is not neglected when ~~he~~ ~~is~~  
I am at home.

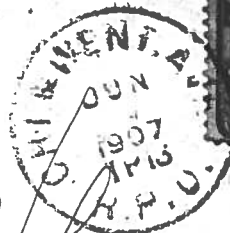
This letter might tell you  
out seeing that it is from

Your own and Loving

Rutha.

James 14-07

Accept many XX



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2137

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W. H. (114)  
B. S. 112  
J. J. 110  
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